

LETTERS FROM W. LLOYD GARRISON.

The following letters from Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the distinguished anti-slavery advocate, have been received by a mutual friend of the late Mr. John Mawson. They will be read with interest by the large circle of the lamented Sheriff's friends in this district:—

"Boston, Jan. 8, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 19th ultimo is before me, containing full particulars of the awful catastrophe which took place a few days previous, in the vicinity of Newcastle, by a nitro-glycerine explosion, resulting in the deaths of several individuals—among them my beloved friend and zealous co-labourer in the great struggle for the abolition of American slavery, Mr. John Mawson. My sorrow is too profound, my horror of mind too great, to find adequate expression in words; yet I cannot allow this melancholy event to pass without attempting to pay, through the medium of the *Chronicle*, by your permission, at least a brief tribute to the character and memory of one who, from an early acquaintance with him to the tragical close of his earthly career, inspired me with such personal esteem, respect, attachment, and love as I have accorded to few, in intensity of feeling and on the score of magnetic attraction.

"When I visited Newcastle in 1846, Mr. Mawson greeted me with a warmth that went at once to my heart, extended to me all possible hospitality, and actively participated in getting up some public demonstrations in furtherance of my anti-slavery mission to England. In 1865, hearing that I was then contemplating another transatlantic visit, he wrote to me, saying, 'So, then, my dear friend, come! Every heart that knows you is waiting to welcome you; every hand will be outstretched to receive you, but none more ardently and earnestly than my own.' That visit was deferred till last summer. As soon as I arrived in London, he sent me a most affectionate note of 'welcome, welcome, welcome once more to old England! We sincerely hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at our fireside, to talk over old times, to rejoice with you at the result of your life's labours, and to praise God for the marvellous wonders he has accomplished on behalf of his oppressed and down-trodden people.' After a separation of twenty-one years, we again clasped hands, and, on going to his beautiful residence at Gateshead, renewed in memory the days and scenes of 'auld lang syne,' and gave God thanks, in accordance with his proposition. I was surprised as well as gratified to find him looking so young and fair for his age, as though time had forgotten him in its flight; giving promise of a long lease of life yet in reserve for public usefulness and expansive philanthropy.

"Of the part my lamented friend took in the public reception so handsomely extended to me in the Assembly Rooms, on the evening of July 9th (an occasion which I shall ever remember with profound gratitude), I need not particularly speak, as the *Chronicle* has already referred to it, and quoted a portion of the very touching remarks made by Mr. Mawson, as the presiding officer, in reference to the long established friendship that had subsisted between us, his endeavours to be faithful to me, at all times, 'through evil report and through good report,'—and the joy he felt that I had been spared to witness the total extinction of American slavery. On examining the impromptu speech I then made, my regret is equal to my surprise to find that I made no allusion to him in return, as I meant to have done, in grateful acknowledgment of his unshaken attachment and efficient co-operative aid. Happily, neither he nor his beloved family needed any panegyric from my lips to be assured of my exalted appreciation of his character and labours.

"The last time I was permitted to listen to his voice, in public, was at the truly sublime Temperance gathering in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, on the 22nd of October, bearing earnest testimony to the necessity, importance, and grandeur of the Temperance movement. The next day we took our farewell leave of each other, he trusting we should meet at some future day again on British soil, and I expressing the hope that, ere long, he would visit me under my own roof. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes and expectations!

"In the death of Mr. Mawson, Newcastle has lost one of its best and most useful citizens. Doubtless it will in some way indicate its high regard for his memory, not only in view of his shining virtues and many beneficent deeds, but as one who fell a martyr in the discharge of an official duty, having direct reference to the public safety and welfare.

"His characteristics are concisely summed up in the following descriptive lines:—

"Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)

He lays aside to find his dignity;
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Wrongs he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe:
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
To triumph in existence his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death then was welcome, yet still life is sweet.'

"As a man, he was confiding, ingenuous, the soul of honour and uprightness, catholic in spirit and association, combining womanly gentleness and modesty with great firmness of purpose. As a citizen, he was public spirited, intent on promoting the common weal, always ready to serve without ever seeking office or emolument. As a philanthropist, he was 'full of the milk of human kindness,' not forgetful of the poor and needy at his own doors, yet broad as the whole earth in his sympathy for suffering humanity, and interested in every laudable movement for the regeneration of society. As a reformer, he was many sided, but without any crotchet or hobby; self-poised, persevering, hopeful, morally heroic, and nobly disinterested.

"Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,

A true and brave and downright honest man!—
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still:
And, while "Lord, Lord," the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.'

"Most deeply sympathising with his bereaved family, and with the relatives of those who lost their lives by the same explosion that proved so fatal in his own case,

"I remain, yours, in a baptism of sorrow,

"WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

"Joseph Cowen, jun., Esq."

"Boston, Jan. 12, 1868.

"DEAR MR. COWEN,—In sending you, a day or two since, a brief tribute to the memory of my deeply lamented friend, Mr. John Mawson, I expressed my regret and surprise that, in the course of my speech at the reception meeting in the Assembly Rooms, in July last, at which he presided, I made no allusion to Mr. Mawson. On re-examining the proceedings I am happy to find that, towards the close of the meeting, I asked leave to propose a vote of thanks to him, adding—'I have known him for twenty-one years personally, and only to esteem him the more for his works' sake; a true man, a good citizen, one who is disposed to look every responsibility in the face, and to labour in season and out of season for the good of the town in which he resides, and of the people of this country and of all countries.'

"Perhaps you discovered and corrected the mistake into which I fell. If not, please allow me to stand right on the record, in case you have printed my letter in the *Chronicle*.

"With many thanks to you for the handsome manner in which you introduced me to the people of Newcastle, through the columns of the *Chronicle*, and with a high opinion of your editorial ability and independence, I remain,

"Yours, with much esteem,

"WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

"Joseph Cowen, jun., Esq."

